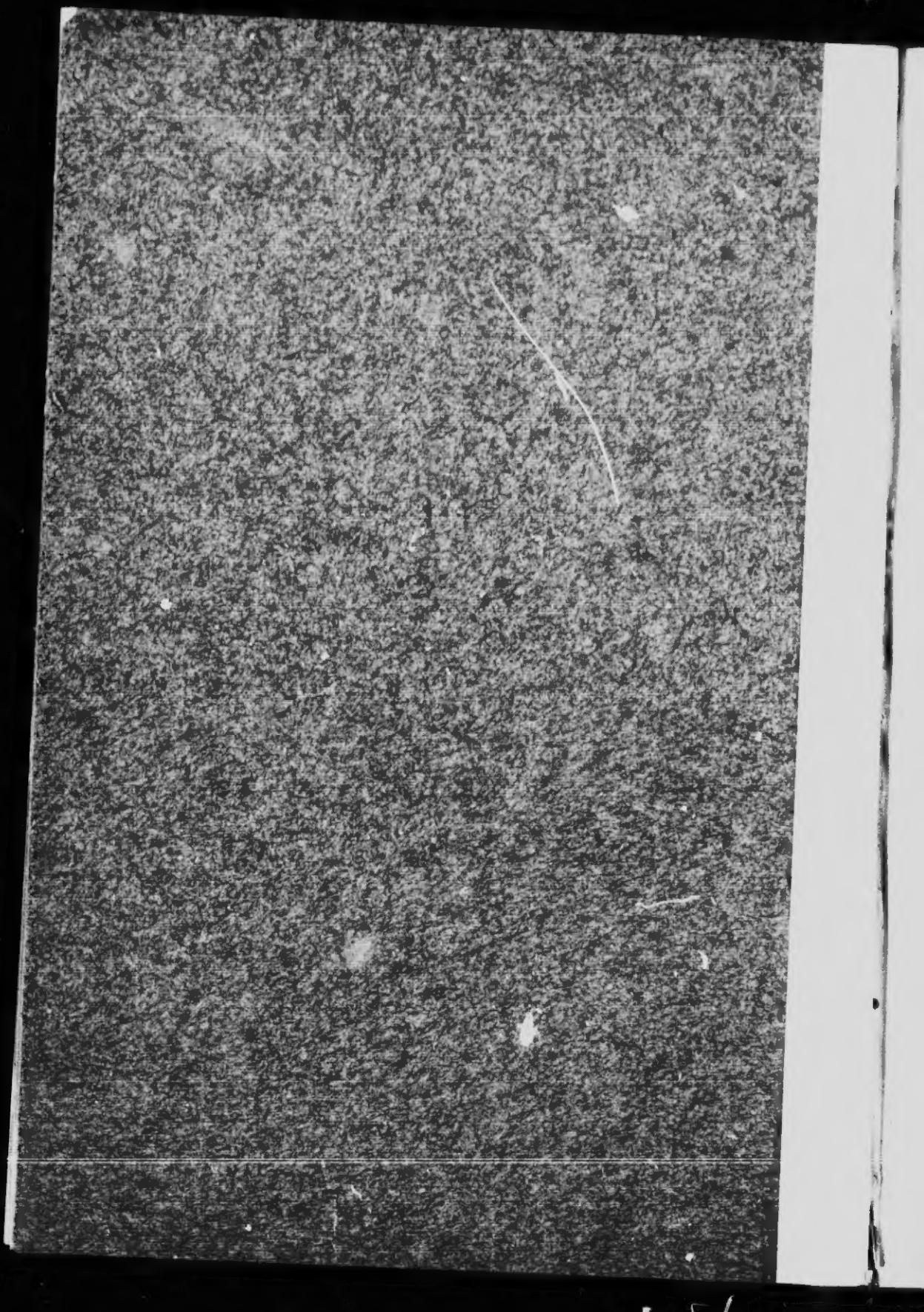


Champlain



A Short Story of the Founding
of
Quebec





1290

AN ACCOUNT OF THE
EXPLORATIONS AND
DISCOVERIES OF SAMUEL
DE CHAMPLAIN, AND
OF THE FOUNDING OF
QUEBEC—BY MRS. J. E.
LOGAN. * * * * *

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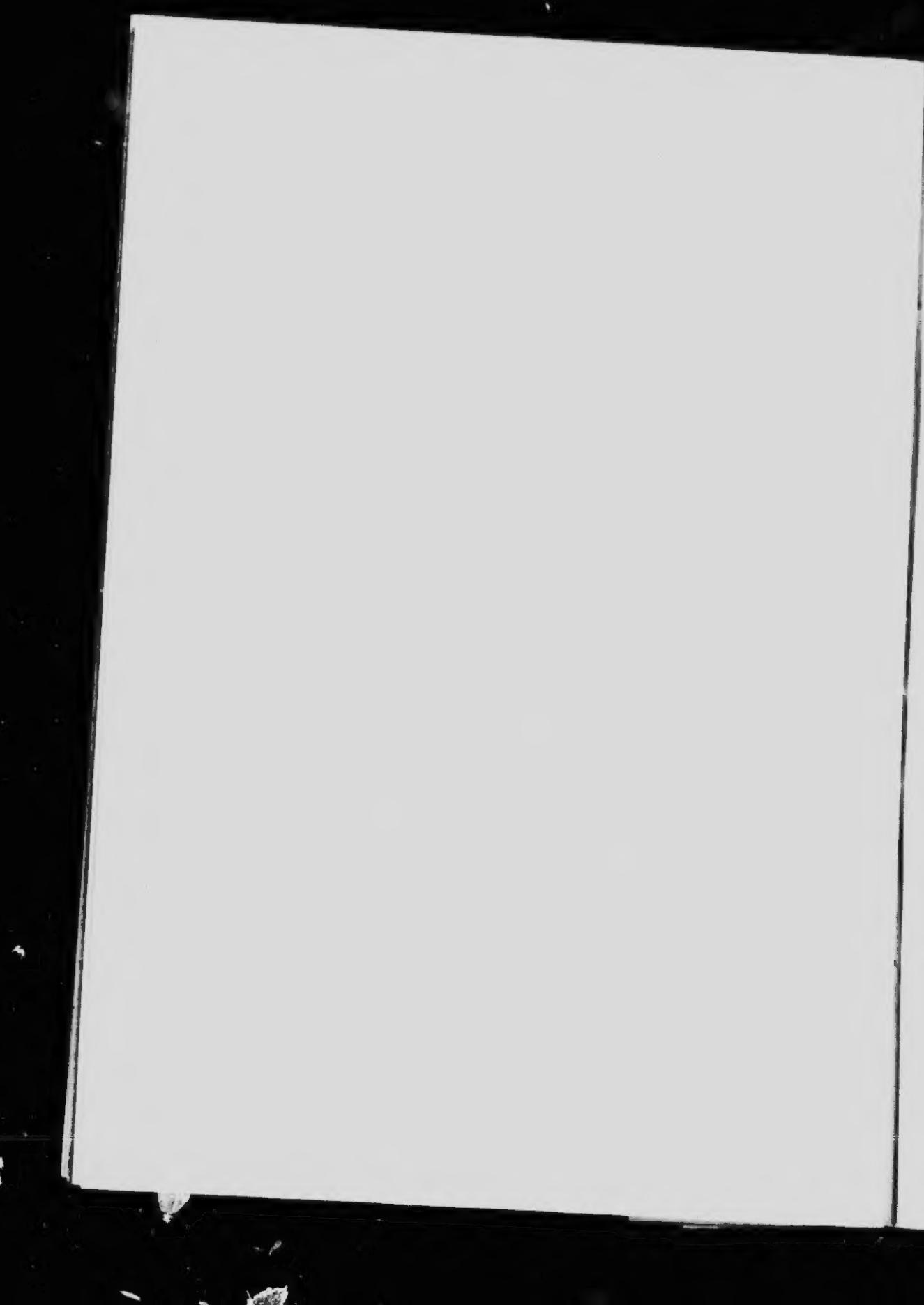
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CHAMPLAIN

From the far Breton shore there sped one day,
White winged, prayerful, steadfast, a strong soul
That heeded not of night or storm or dole,
But with great purpose cleft tempestuous spray.
Nature was impotent that flight to stay;
The powers of Neptune lost their mad control;
So, thus the sea-bird fluttered to its goal,
The rock-walled waters of a magic bay.
There Champlain stood as one whose arm could win
The glory of the ages, with God's gift,
The eye to pierce the dull immediate haze.
He caught the ^{ta} of the golden ways
Posterity must march; there did he lift
Alone the latch of Empire, and strode in.

BARRY DANE.

CHAPTER I.

Those adventurers whose names are first associated with the discovery of Canada just flit across the page of history, appearing abruptly, often vanishing mysteriously; they are but shadows, whose once actual existence is testified to only by stray letters, charts and official despatches, preserved in European archives.

As soon as it became certain that a new land had been discovered by the presumably crack-brained Columbus, who for years had been going about from Court to Court, with his hat in his hand, begging aid to prove strange theories, the sceptical old world woke up and went sailing into the West. Several

famous mariners crossed the ocean to look for a north-west passage to the Indies, and, by the way, examined parts of the Atlantic coast of Canada, and made one or two temporary landings.

The honour of the discovery of Canada belongs, however, to Jacques Cartier of St. Malo, who, in 1534, took possession of the country in the name of Francis I, King of France; for Cartier penetrated the interior as far at least as Hochelaga (Montreal), passed two terrible winters at Stadaconé (Quebec), took home several natives, reported what he had seen and experienced, and introduced to European ears the soft-sounding Huron-Iroquois name.

Cartier's gallant exploits inspired many further organized attempts to occupy Canada, but, until another century had dawned, all failed disastrously and utterly. Much more successful were independent fishermen, Basques, Bretons and Normans, who swarmed about the Newfoundland banks and coast of Acadia, and by degrees crept up the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, as far as Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, where they carried on a trade with the natives very profitable to themselves. When the wealth thus acquired began to excite envy in France, especially in Rouen, St. Malo and Rochelle, trading companies were formed, and several Kings of France in succession granted to favoured individuals a monopoly of fishing rights and of the fur or peltry trade. In the letters-patent granted to these companies, it was always stipulated that they should look after settlers until they had become self-supporting, and instruct the heathen in the mysteries of the "only religion, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman." The companies permitted intending colonists to perish in

the wilderness, displayed no zeal as missionaries, and indeed were for a long time more of a hindrance than a help to persons and causes that they were particularly bidden to protect and encourage.

In the year 1601, Aymard de Chaste, Governor of Dieppe, received the coveted monopoly from Henry IV. and while his ships were getting ready for the voyage, there came to him a man named Samuel Champlain, volunteering his services for exploration of the new countries. He was a native of Brouage in Saintonge. Born of a humble sea-faring family, he had, at the age of thirty five, reached distinction as a sailor, a soldier, and now quite lately as an author. In 1602 he was in Paris, newly come from the West Indies and Southern Mainland, where he had been fighting and exploring for two years and a half. In his account of this voyage, there is a prophetic vision of the Panama Canal. Writing from Puerto Bello, he says: "One may judge that if the four leagues of land, which lie between Panama and this river, were cut through, one might pass through the South Sea to the ocean on the other side, and thus shorten the route by more than fifteen hundred leagues." His book won him commendation, and a pension from Henry IV, and when his desire to go to Canada was made known, he was forthwith appointed Geographer Royal. Having received his commission, he joined M. Du Pont, commonly known as Pontgravé, commander of the fleet, at Havre, whence the ships sailed on the thirteenth of March, 1603.

His first voyage was symbolic of his future career — stormy and painful. Contrary winds, ice and fog kept the ship beating at haphazard about the Atlantic,

and two months had passed before they entered the Great Bay of Canada, or Gulf of St. Lawrence. By the twenty fourth of May they were at Tadoussac, fairly within the gates of the New World. Nearly a thousand natives were in camp, about the mouth of the Saguenay. They were Algonquins, celebrating a recent victory over the Iroquois. Champlain was made welcome by the Chiefs or Sagamos, and in solemn counsel was assured, with much rhetoric, and many pipes and belts of wampum, that the Algonquins would forever cherish the French as allies and brothers. He excused himself from the ceremonies as soon as he civilly could, and set about his serious business. He explored the Saguenay nearly to the first fall, and took information concerning the source of that river, and the land stretching north to a great salt bay, which a few years later was to be discovered by Henry Hudson, and bear his name. Within a few days, with five sailors and guides, he set off for Hochelaga. When the cliffs of Cartier's Stadaconé loomed in sight, the Algonquin guides exclaimed "Kebec," which in their tongue signifies a narrowing or strait. It is round these stony heights, flinging their dark shadows far across the contracted river, that the story of the founding of Canada centres.

All the country round about was deserted; for Iroquois vengeance had depopulated the river banks. In Cartier's time the Iroquois were a stationary peasant-people, and their village of Hochelaga was well built and surrounded by corn fields. They spoke the Huron tongue, and were much despised by their masters, the vagrant and warlike Algonquins. But now they had changed their habits, had migrated

west and south, and achieved that supremacy in war which made their name a word of terror from Lake Ontario to Gaspé. Champlain had heard about them at Tadoussac, and already regarded them as a menace to future French settlements on the St. Lawrence. He knew that it was their custom to lie in wait at the mouth of the river which then bore their own name (afterwards called Richelieu), and fall upon the Algonquins descending to Tadoussac for the summer trade, and he was therefore anxious to find a spot, suitable for fortification, where French guns could damage the enemy and protect friends. Three Rivers and a little island at the mouth of the Richelieu struck him as desirable for such purpose, but the means by which to prove his foresight and judgment were to be forever denied him.

At the foot of the rapid, above Hochelaga, he left the boats, and pushed his way along shore to its head. He had no intention of going farther, and returned without delay to Tadoussac. From wandering aborigines he heard tales about the country as far as Lakes Ontario and Erie, about a great fall three miles wide, whence a tremendous flood of water fell, and he saw some bracelets made of copper, which cropped out on the shores of the farthest Great Lake, beyond which no man had passed. After a short rest at Tadoussac, where the natives were still celebrating, he explored the southern shore of the River and Gulf, touching at Gaspé and Percé, both important fishing stations. It was at Percé that he met Captain Prevèrt, a gentleman who loved fable rather than fact. Champlain listened to his stories of mines in Acadia, and of cities farther south, inhabited by monsters in human form, with that credulity which is

the betrayer of generous natures, thus providing for the future much weary and futile labour. Early in September, he was in France again.

By comparing Champlain's achievement in this first Canadian expedition with his account of it, we may form a fair image of the man, may understand something of his temperament and character. Fearless he was, of course, and bold, and curious to know, like all men who have undertaken similar adventure. A dreamer of dreams too perhaps, but not disposed to recount them, much more interested in making them come true. Superficially, at least, unemotional, certainly not excitable, for he finds little more to wonder at or exclaim about as he navigates apparently endless Canadian rivers, or cuts his way through primeval forests, than he would in a morning stroll down the well known streets of St. Malo. Essentially a practical man, who knows his own business and attends to it diligently. As Geographer Royal, his reports show the capacity of a scientific investigator for patient, minute and critical observation. Genial too, modest and tactful in his relations with his superiors, as with his subordinates, and in his dealings with the natives, always fair, scrupulous to keep his word. Above all, an honest man, and absolutely untrammelled by desire to further any personal interest. Till the hour of his death, thirty two years later, he is identified with Canada, confronting tremendous difficulties and dangers, suffering much injustice and bitter disappointment, but never under suspicion of pursuing selfish ends, and never accused of even transient faithlessness to the great work to which he had now definitely set himself—the establishment of France in the New World.

CHAPTER II.

The King was deeply interested in his Geographer's reports, and approved of his plans for effecting permanent settlement. So when, after the death of Aymard de Chaste, his exclusive rights and privileges were transferred to the Sieur de Monts, Champlain was attached to his expedition, again in a comparatively humble position. De Monts had already made a voyage to Tadoussac, and not being favourably impressed by that bleak and desolate region, decided to make his experiment in colonization in Acadia. He took out a mixed company of peasants, artisans, soldiers, sailors, Catholic priests, Huguenot ministers, and some gentleman-adventurers. During the whole of the French régime in Canada, a sprinkling of gentleman-adventurers lent to the scene a picturesque yet incongruous brilliancy, which throws the hard lot of the meaner colonists into deeper shadow. After two very tempestuous months at sea, de Monts landed his company at Port Mouton, near the southern extremity of Acadia, and erected temporary shelter. Champlain, with a few sailors, at once started in a little boat of ten tons, to look for a more desirable haven. They crept round Cape Sable, to the Great French Bay (Bay of Fundy), examined minutely the peninsula's eastern shore, to the head of St. Mary's Bay, and brought back to de Monts charts of the coast, specimens of silver and iron ore, and, what was of greatest value, a report of the fertile soil and splendid hardwood forests. De Monts immediately carried his colony round the Cape, but the shores of St. Mary's Bay offered no site desirable for fortification, so they went on up the Bay of Fundy,

until they came to a gap between steep cliffs, scarcely a bow-shot apart. Whirlpools and dangerous rocks guarded the entrance, but, escaping both, they ran in with the tide, and before their astonished eyes, opened a wide fair sheet of water, bordered by sweeps of green marshes and low, heavily wooded shores. Champlain named the harbour Port Royal, and declared it to be most suitable for settlement. But de Monts was not easily satisfied, and was besides eager to find the mines of which Prev  rt had discoursed to Champlain. They, therefore, made a tour of the Great Bay, and returned southward by the western shore, having found all desolate and impenetrable. There was no promise of reward until the twenty fourth of June, when they came to a wide estuary, into which flowed, through a narrow gorge, a deep, swift, and beautiful river. The Indians called the river, Ouangondy, and the French, in honour of the Saint's Day, gave it the name, St. John. They learned later that the river was very long, and a sort of highway to Canada, by which, in six days, the Acadian Indians could travel to the Bay of Chaleur, and in eight days to Tadoussac, carrying their canoes, in both cases, only a few leagues. There is no way of accounting for de Monts' refusal to settle on the rocky point on which the City of St. John now stands, or for his preference for a small island in the River of the Etchemins, called by him Ste. Croix. But he did choose the rather turbulent stream, which now forms part of the boundary between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick. On a tiny island he landed his men, his goods and chattels, and house-building, ploughing, and sowing began without delay.

When the work was well under way, Champlain took to his small boat again, and pushed southward along the coast. The boat was almost swamped on the shore of an island, which looked like several separate mountains standing in a row, and was named the Isle of the Desert Mountains (Mount Desert). Champlain made friends with all the natives encountered by sea or shore, and one naked squad led him through a maze of islands into their river, Pentagoet (Penobscot), which he thought must be the River of Norembega, spoken of by Prev  rt. He ascended to the site of the present City of Bangor, seeking the fabled domes and spires of Norembega Town, but saw neither town nor village, nor sign that such had ever been. He was apparently the first civilized man who had ever floated over that

“Narrow space twixt shore and shore,
For sun and stars to fall,
While evermore behind before,
Closed in the forest wall.”

When frost was in the air, the bow of the little boat was turned towards Ste. Croix. There the habitation had been completed, the gardens were thriving, and the corn, planted on the neighbouring mainland, was well ripened. Fish and game were abundant, and everything promised fair. But the winter fell early and was long and cruel. There was no water on the island, and wood was scarce. It was often impossible to cross to the mainland on the floating ice to procure these necessities, and when fresh meat failed and there was nothing but melted snow to drink, scurvy fastened on the colony. A healing shrub, “aneda,” mentioned by Cartier, was not to be found, and many of the little band perished

miserably. Indians, who invited themselves to camp on the island, gave the French the trouble of watching and feeding them in return for their society. De Monts, disheartened by successive calamities, was thinking of abandoning his enterprise, but, in June, a ship arrived from France with supplies, so he took courage, and decided to try another year in a more favourable locality. During the summer, he and Champlain explored the coast as far south as Mallebarre (Cape Cod), and returned to Ste. Croix in August, feeling satisfied that no place was so well adapted for settlement as that first selected by Champlain, Port Royal, in Acadia.

The sad experience at Ste. Croix had taught a profitable lesson, and the foundation stones of Port Royal were laid near the mouth of a river where springs were abundant, and where stout maples, oaks and birches afforded protection from the bitter winds of winter. The Souriquois Indians welcomed the newcomers, and their aged Chief, Membertou, who had seen Cartier at the Bay of Chaleur, in 1535, remained ever steadfast to the French. As soon as the work of clearing and building was begun, de Monts resolved to go to France to seek reinforcement, while Champlain stayed at Port Royal, with the intention of making further explorations in the spring. Already his life was bound up with this mysterious and seemingly illimitable continent, and neither famine, nor frost, nor disease, nor the treacherous savage's tomahawk could daunt him.

Before the snow flew, the colonists were comfortably housed. The winter was comparatively mild, yet the scurvy, or, as they called it, "disease of the country," broke out, and claimed many victims.

The spring came up early, however, and in March Champlain set out for Florida. Fogs and high winds drove him back to port. In April he made a second attempt, but, at the very threshold of Port Royal (Digby Gut), he was wrecked, and rescued from death by Indians, who took him and his crew in their canoes to the habitation. He had now no vessel big enough for a long voyage, food was becoming very scarce, and there being little hope of aid that season from France, he determined to seek transport home in a fishing schooner. The colony had actually left for Cape Breton, and their boat was near Cape Sable, when they met two little skiffs, in one of which was de Monts' secretary, who brought such good tidings that all went joyfully back to Port Royal.

De Monts, on his arrival in France, the preceding autumn, had entered a sea of trouble. From Rochelle to Dieppe, all the independent traders were in arms against his company, and their complaints, combined with Catholic intrigue, had impaired his credit at Court. He could get no help, and there was a feeling abroad that to invest money in the colonization of Canada was folly, and to risk one's life in such a venture madness. Loss of the monopoly and disruption of the company seemed inevitable, when M. de Poutrincourt, a Catholic gentleman, to whom de Monts had granted Port Royal, came to the rescue. He proposed to assume direction of the new-born colony, a proposition which de Monts readily accepted, and the boats encountered by the departing colonists heralded the approach of de Poutrincourt's ships.

In one of these ships, the *Jonas*, came Marc les

carbot, a lawyer, and the future historian of Acadia. At the moment when he was invited to cross the Atlantic, he had just been beaten in a law suit, and was feeling tired of civilization; after a day's reflection, he agreed to fly from a corrupt world, and seek happiness in Nature's bosom. He was a person of lively wit, much common sense, and infinite resource. He professed to be a Catholic, but his cynical attitude towards the Church and clergy discredits his profession. His assertion, that he tried in vain to get a priest in Rochelle to go to Acadia, can hardly be believed, and the sailing of the *Jonas* without one may be most properly attributed to the indifference of all in authority.

For a month now, labour at Port Royal was seasoned with pleasure, and good wine flowed freely. Lescarbot sang and frequently read fine verses of his own composition aloud to his admiring companions. De Poutrincourt made it understood that mining interests, fishing, and fur trade were considered by him of small importance in comparison with the agricultural development of the country. Lescarbot warmly supported him, and with Champlain hewed the great trees, vigorously ploughed and planted the virgin soil. Not till September did Champlain get away on his annual voyage. De Poutrincourt went with him, and opposing his wish to lay the course for Mallebarre (Cape Cod), the most southerly point reached two years before, insisted on following the intricate coast. This, of course, wasted time; they were able to make but little progress beyond Mallebarre, and at a place which they called Fortune Bay (Chatham), they had, for the first time, trouble with the natives. Two of the French were killed and



FROM DRAWING BY CHAMPLAIN.

several wounded; the weather became cold, and provisions ran short, so they steered again for Port Royal, which, after innumerable misfortunes, they regained by the middle of November.

Lescarbot, who had been left in charge of the habitation, had made good use of the time. Under his direction, land was prepared for the next year's sowing, roads were cut to the springs, and a water-power mill built, which excited extravagant admiration in the savage breast. Lescarbot believed that the winter sickness was largely ascribable to the lack of cellars and drainage, so he had remedied these defects, and a season of comfort and comparative freedom from scurvy proved his sagacity. To make welcome the returning voyagers, the houses were decorated with evergreens, and a drama, composed by Lescarbot, was represented. During the winter he had several pieces enacted, and the diversion was especially delightful to the Indians. The versatile lawyer also officiated as preacher, for the clergy brought out by de Monts had either died or gone home. Lescarbot affirms that he always told the truth, and that his sermons were agreeable to both Huguenots and Catholics. His merry heart lightened the dreary winter, and Champlain, by instituting the order of *Bontemps*, an order sworn to maintain a good table, added to the general cheer.

In the spring the colonists set to work eagerly, for they felt that prosperity was dawning, but towards the end of May word came from de Monts that his charter had been revoked and the company disbanded, therefore de Poutrincourt had better come home with all his people. Misfortune had indeed

crowded upon the faithful de Monts, and when the bad news was confirmed beyond doubt, de Poutrincourt could hope no longer. Most of his men were sent away to take passage in fishing smacks from Canseau, but he delayed his own departure until there should be specimens of ripened grains to carry home, and not till late in August did the chiefs of the Colony bid farewell to Port Royal.

The Souriquois, who, a few weeks before, had taken the war path, had just returned victorious. "They had always hoped," says Lescarbot, "that some of us would stay with them, and were greatly grieved at our going away." M. de Poutrincourt promised to send some one out to live with them and teach them, and gave them the standing crops and the use of the habitation. Their habits of life were not conformable with continued residence beneath a roof, but although they never occupied the habitation, they took such good care of it, that de Poutrincourt, returning three years afterwards, found it in perfect order. Lescarbot utters the farewell to Port Royal, the parting plaint; "We were most sorry to see such a fine and righteous "enterprise abandoned, so many perils faced and "toils endured for nothing. All hope of establishing the "name of God and the Catholic faith gone forever."

CHAPTER III.

The influences which, in 1607, had forced de Monts to withdraw his support from de Poutrincourt did not immediately affect his own exclusion from Canada. Champlain and he together persuaded King Henry to renew the trading privilege for one year from the first of January, 1608, and so were able to dispatch two ships from Honfleur. In the *Don-de-dieu* went Champlain, with his score or so of peasants and artisans. Their destination was Quebec, and their object permanent settlement. From the first, Champlain had favoured the cliff three hundred and fifty miles from the mouth of the St. Lawrence as the *point d'appui* of France in Canada, and more extended explorations had confirmed this conviction. He saw that to hold Quebec meant to be master of the territory stretching northward from the Great River and Lakes to the frozen seas. His judgment was not at fault. While the French held Quebec, Canada was theirs; when Quebec fell, a century and a half later, their sovereignty was lost.

Arrived at Tadoussac, Champlain found his old friend, Pontgravé, embroiled with some Basques, irrepressible traders and scorners of privilege. After adjusting the difficulty, he went upward towards Quebec, and pitched his tents on a narrow strip of low land skirting the cliffs, and stretching from Cape Diamond to the mouth of the river where Cartier had wintered, the river which he had named Ste. Croix. The work of clearing the forest had scarcely begun when the offended Basques formed a conspiracy to get rid of all the French, beginning with the murder of their redoubtable leader. Champlain

was cheerfully digging his garden when this disconcerting news reached him. He managed to inveigle the ringleaders into a boat that had just come in, and here they were promptly arrested, to be tried subsequently by Champlain and Pontgravé. One named Natel, the informer, went free, but the chief conspirator, Duval, was sentenced to death, and three others were sent back to France, there to be dealt with by de Monts. Duval was hanged, and his head stuck on the end of a pike was at once a ghastly menace to the evilly disposed, and a forcible illustration of the supremacy of France. The winter's troubles were of a different kind, troubles which Champlain had faced before, which neither foresight nor courage could obviate. Dysentery and scurvy swept off twenty of his men, and made havoc among the wretched savages encamped about the habitation. These savages were devoted to Champlain, yet he cherished no illusions concerning them. Though he found those among them who had "good judgment and could answer questions rationally," and though their bodies were strong and lithe, they had no qualities that civilized men call moral. They lied and stole, and were superlatively treacherous, vindictive and revengeful. They had no law, and a few primitive, degraded superstitions served them for religion. Their habits were filthy, their gluttony inappeasable.

With the spring came Pontgravé, whom Champlain met at Tadoussac, whence with a party of Montagnais, his allies, he proceeded towards the Iroquois country. His object was simply exploration, but between Quebec and the River of the Iroquois he fell in with a flotilla of Hurons and Algonquins, bound for Quebec, there to implore French aid against the Iroquois, with

whom they were at mortal war. With them Champlain effected an alliance, offensive and defensive. This action has been criticised as hasty and imprudent, for the consequences entailed were a century of intermittent war that frequently threatened the extinction of the French. Champlain doubtless had measured neither the numerical strength of the Iroquois nor their enduring ferocity, but, had he at this time declined the Algonquin alliance, there is equally little doubt that he must have failed in the task of establishing the French in Canada, and that many successive attempts would have been rendered abortive by the rage of the offended savages. It was absolutely necessary that the handful of French should attach their neighbours to their interests, even at the cost of the enmity of other nations on the farther side of the great natural boundaries, whose friendship was not essential, as was that of the Algonquins, to their commercial interests and even to their very existence. Moreover, if in the early days any heed had been paid to Champlain's repeated entreaties for a French military force, strong enough to attack the Iroquois in their homes, the tale of their aggressions would have been brief. Even with the support of the Dutch and the English, they would not so boldly, wantonly and constantly have molested people for whom they had once been taught that wholesome respect which is born of fear. Champlain was neither ignorant nor heedless of responsibility when he took up the Algonquin hatchet, and made one of the war party which paddled up the winding Richelieu, made the portage at Chambly, and paddled on again to the great and beautiful lake which bears his own name. All the land through

which they passed was level as a bowling-green, superbly wooded, teeming with game and fur-bearing animals, yet absolutely deserted by human beings. For years no Algonquins had dared to camp within miles of the Iroquois warpath. Several times during the journey, the Indians' courage failed, but Champlain, and the two Frenchmen who had volunteered for the expedition, insisted on going forward. Every morning the Indians asked anxiously whether their White Captain had had any dreams, and seen the enemy, and, at last, he was able to answer that he had had a vision of Iroquois drowning in a lake near a mountain.

The vision was hailed as a sure omen of victory, and was wonderfully inspiriting. The very next night, gliding softly over the lake, in the shadow of a promontory (Crown Point), a fleet of canoes was descried, and presently an Iroquois yell broke the solemn silence. The Algonquins answered, demanding whether the Iroquois were ready to fight, and the reply came promptly, "Yes, at dawn." The Iroquois ranged their canoes in line, landed, and began to camp and throw up a barricade. They entrenched themselves with extraordinary speed and skill. The Algonquins stayed in their canoes, also ranged in lines, and bound together with deer-thongs. They were about an arrow's flight from the barricade, and the night was made hideous by continual exchange of yells and opprobrious epithets, a custom that has the sanction of classical precedent. At day-break the Algonquin allies landed, and Champlain and his countrymen were carefully concealed. About two hundred Iroquois issued from behind a barricade. They were strong, robust men, and advanced with

confident gravity. They wore a protective armour of wood, bound with a tissue of cotton thread. Their chiefs were distinguished by plumes. The Algonquins, with a yell, charged, and when within about thirty paces of the enemy, thrust Champlain suddenly forward. The Iroquois, astonished by this apparition, halted, and Champlain instantly fired. Two of their chiefs fell dead and one wounded. Then the other Frenchmen fired from the woods. The Iroquois, appalled by the noise, smoke and flame, broke and fled. Their rout was complete, only a few escaping into the forest. The Algonquins' delight was boundless; they seized the enemy's stores, and hastily discarded bows and quivers; they feasted and danced, and made ready for their homeward journey. The evening hours in camp were beguiled by the torture of a prisoner. His captors burned him in patches, poured hot gum on his head, and tore out his nerves and nails. From this pastime they desisted at intervals to treat him to an harangue about his father's sins, and to command him to sing. He bore everything with stoical calm, and did sing, "though his song was very sad to hear." Champlain's remonstrances were unheeded, until he showed anger, when he was permitted to despatch the poor wretch with his gun. As the Algonquins treated this Iroquois, so every Indian tribe treated prisoners of war. Neither by example nor force were Europeans ever able materially to restrain their ruthless ferocity. The only hope for a captive was to be adopted into the tribe of his captors by some squaw who had lost a relative in battle. The squaws were even more apt and fiendish than their lords at torturing prisoners not elected for adoption, and it was, on the whole,

well for a warrior to meet his horrible fate before they had a chance to attack him.

At Chambly the war-party separated. Hurons and Algonquins took their way towards the Ottawa, with great joy in their hearts, and a fair contingent of prisoners. They made Champlain promise to come next year to their country, and dwell for a time with his brothers. The Montagnais made haste to Quebec, where Champlain feasted them and then went on with them to Tadoussac. As they approached the Saguenay, scalps were hung on sticks, stuck at the bows, and the warriors chanted victory. The women, quite naked, swam out and seized the scalps, and each one afterwards wore her trophy hung round her neck. Champlain received presents of rich furs, and a very fine scalp for the King of France. He returned to Quebec, placed the habitation in charge of a young Dieppois, and sailed with Pontgrave.

Then followed three of the most depressing years imaginable. Champlain spent his life between France and Canada, first pleading for the support of his Colony, and trying then to keep it alive with the inadequate provision that he contrived to extort. The assassination of King Henry IV, by Ravaillac, deprived him of his only powerful patron, and, but for money that came to him with the signing of a marriage contract with Helen Boulle, he would have been for a time absolutely helpless. At last his indefatigable energy secured the interest of the Court, and when Henry de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, became Viceroy of New France, he made Champlain his Lieutenant, and delegated to him all his powers. In 1613, he was able to leave France in a more hopeful spirit. Interest in Canada had been stimulated by the tales of Nicolas du Vignau, who had spent a winter

among the Hurons, and whom Champlain found to his cost to be the "most impudent liar" seen for many a day. Vignau said, affirmed, and publicly swore, that he had seen the Great Northern Sea (Hudson Bay). His narrative was most circumstantial, supported by an account which he said had been jotted down during his journey thither. According to him, the River of the Algonquins (Ottawa) had its source in a lake, from which a stream flowed into this sea. By this route, one could go from the St. Louis rapids, just above Montreal, to the sea and return in seventeen days. On the shore he had seen the wreck of an English vessel, whose crew of eighty men had been massacred by the savages, and these savages had kept the scalps and one English boy for Champlain's inspection. What lent credibility to the story, was the knowledge that the English had been exploring in the north, and had really lost several ships in high latitudes. Champlain rejoiced because "that seemed so near which he had believed to be so far," and resolved to visit the sea. He easily obtained an ocean passage for Vignau, who was to act as his guide and interpreter.

In Quebec they heard that everything had gone well, for the winter had been mild, the river had not frozen, and already, early in May, the trees were in leaf and the fields blooming. By the twenty-first of the month, he was at the St. Louis Rapids, accompanied by four men, among them Vignau. There were no Indians at the Rapids, and on the twenty-ninth Champlain's canoes, laden with food, arms, and presents, began the ascent of the Ottawa. It was soon very clear that whatever Vignau might know of the waters lying afar, he was perfectly

ignorant of the first steps of the journey. After encountering all sorts of unforeseen difficulties, and constantly diverging from the direct route, they at last reached the *Isle des Allumettes*, in the upper Ottawa, the camping ground of the Chief, Tessouat. Here it was proven beyond doubt that Vignau's tale was pure fiction. In the face of Tessouat's assertion that Vignau had never budged from the camp fire during the winter, he stood to his guns for a long time, but finally broke down, and confessed himself guilty of an invention in order to get back to Canada. The Indians were delighted at this exposure, and wished Champlain to put "his liar" to torture and death. They had been much offended by Champlain's confidence in his stories, when they, who loved him well, and who knew every inch of the country, had in vain tried to dissuade him from continuing his journey beyond Tessouat's domains. As he had neither men nor arms to penetrate the near-by Huron country, Champlain prepared to retrace his steps. Tessouat and he made a rendezvous at Lake Huron for the next year, and the Chief gave him his son as a hostage. An escort was provided for the descent, and on the way this was increased by large deputations of natives, who, having heard the news of Champlain's approach, were hastening to meet him. At Hochela Champlain met M. de Maisonneuve, who had authority for trading, granted by the Prince de Condé, and who had camped on the spot where he was in future to found the City of Montreal. When the French traders heard the tale of Vignau's deception, they, like the Indians, were eager for his punishment, but Champlain was touched by his contrition, forgave him, commanded the Indians to do him no harm, and left him to the mercy of God.

CHAPTR IV.

Champlain very soon perceived that the noble Viceroy cared no more for the welfare of Quebec than had former protectors, so his next appeal was to the self-interest of independent traders, to whom he represented the benefits that would accrue from the formation of a well ordered association, under Vice-regal auspices. The merchants of several cities promised to apply to King Louis XIII for a charter, and those of Rouen and St. Malo kept their word. The Rochellois, however, gave endless trouble, and actually obtained from the Prince de Condé a passport for one of their ships. The ship went out well manned and armed, but, "by the permission of God," was wrecked near Tadousac, and its freight seized by the Company. The Rouen association was made up mostly of Huguenots, but there was one good Catholic, the Sieur Houel, of Brouage. Through him, Champlain learned that the Recollet Fathers wished to begin a Mission in Canada, and, with authority from the Viceroy, he compelled the Company to consent to the passage of the priests, and partly to provide for their support. The Catholic clergy made an offering of 1500 livres towards the expenses of the Mission. Accordingly, in 1615, four Recollet Fathers embarked on the *St. Etienne*, commanded by Pontgravé. There was probably little love lost between them and the Huguenots. The attitude of each to the other is critical and recriminative. The priests complain that at sea they were always sent forward to perform their religious ceremonies, and that they were compelled to listen to the Huguenots' devotions, especially to the detestable hymns of Clement Marot. The Huguenots'

feeling was that the priests were inimical to all their interests, and that in any land where they once placed their feet they were bound to stay, and eventually to rule. The narrow self-interest of the Huguenots wrought their own destruction, for instead of aiding Champlain to found permanent settlements, they continued to oppose him, and refused to look farther than their annual profits. Their suspicions of the Recollets were, on general principles, well founded, for, being ecclesiastics, their first intention was to further ecclesiastical supremacy. Nevertheless, they were a force for civilization, and as such most welcome to Champlain. He would have preferred soldiers, or a volunteer corps of able-bodied men, with resolution to hew out homes in the forest, and with guns to protect them. He knew that the vast wilderness and its vagrant inhabitants could be most speedily subjected, and assured to France by physical force, but when denied the best material for carrying out his design, he accepted thankfully inferior aids. Catholic or Huguenot, priest or layman, each was to him but a stone in the foundation of New France. He co-operated heartily with the missionaries, and planned their house and chapel, which were soon erected near the habitation.

Before midsummer, he was able to start on a journey to the Huron country, accompanied by an interpreter and a dozen Indians. Father Joseph le Caron and some coureurs-de-bois had gone ahead, and Champlain followed their route by the River Ottawa and Lake Nipissing. By the middle of August, he was in a Huron village on Georgian Bay, and in a few days at Cahigua, near Lake Simeoe, the largest of the Huron villages, numbering two hundred wigwams, and the

appointed rendezvous for a great party intending to take the war-path against the Iroquois. Very soon a formidable band was assembled, and word had come that five hundred braves of another nation would follow. By water and portage, the army reached Lake Ontario, and crossed near the head of the Lake of the Thousand Isles. Striking inland, they crossed the River Oneida, and prepared to attack a fortified Iroquois village, near the eastern end of Lake Oneida. It was here that Champlain first realized the strength of the Iroquois, and their superiority over his allies. Their village was enclosed by four palisades of wood, closely knit together. These defences were thirty feet high, with galleries like parapets, shielded by large timber. From the lake close by, water was drawn up through spouts, for the purpose of extinguishing fire. When the Hurons were within range, the Iroquois let fly showers of arrows and stones, but the enemy's whizzing bullets soon forced them from the walls, and then the Hurons set fire to the palisades. There was, however, no wind, and the Iroquois, recovering courage, turned on the water, and put out the fire. After a short rest, the fight was renewed, and lasted three hours. Two of the Huron Chiefs and Champlain were wounded, so the warriors became demoralized, insisted on retiring and desisting from attack until the arrival of the promised five hundred allies. Neither command nor entreaty could induce them to rally. They camped near the Iroquois for several days, during which time there were two or three inconclusive skirmishes. As they had no patience, they soon despaired of reinforcements and resolved to break camp. The only good point in their method of warfare, that Champlain could dis-

cover, was their manner of retreat. They made baskets, in which they tied the wounded, and then bound each one to the back of a stalwart brother. On the march the wounded and bearers formed the centre of the line, thoroughly protected by warriors. The Iroquois pursued the retreating invaders but a few hours, and then turned back, probably glad to be so easily rid of them. Champlain spent the winter in the Huron country, and, with Father le Caron, visited neighbouring tribes. In May he began his homeward way, and after a forty days' journey arrived at Montreal. A report of his death had reached Quebec, and everyone rejoiced to see him again, safe and healed of his wounds.

The condition of Quebec was far from flourishing, the work of settlement was being done only in most desultory fashion, for the three score inhabitants preferred trading to tilling the land, and were given over to idleness and quarrels. All the buildings were dilapidated, for the Rouen Company, like all preceding companies, neglected its obligations.

Champlain managed to repair the habitation, and then went home to urge his patron prince to compel the Company to respect the terms of contract. Owing to political complications, the patron prince was restrained behind the walls of the Bastile, and for four years longer, Champlain fought for Quebec's existence in the face of every sort of discouragement. At last the King's attention was attracted to the misdoings of the Associates, whom he ordered to make another contract. They consented to maintain eighty colonists at Quebec, to keep up the habitation, and to send out cattle and munitions. Champlain, who now, after a betrothal of four years, had married Helen

Boullé, was so well satisfied with these concessions, that he decided to take out his wife, and hoped for several consecutive years in Canada.

At the last moment the Associates informed him that they had given Pontgravé command over their people and the property at Quebec, and that he might occupy himself in exploration, for which he had a genius, and to which his royal commission bound him. Champlain hastened to Rouen with his commission of Lieutenant from de Condé, and a confirmatory letter from the King. With great dignity he refused to forego any of the honours to which his years of toil and perilous adventures entitled him. He insisted on supremacy in Canada, excepting in the warehouse of the Company, which was always under the charge of the head clerk.

"As for the Sieur du Pont," he said, "he has been my friend, and from his age I respect him as a father, but I will never consent to give him what is mine by right and reason. Having been good friends in the past, I desire to preserve that friendship." The Associates remained obdurate. Pontgravé sailed, and Champlain appeared to plead his case before the Council at Tours. The Council confirmed his command at Quebec and in the rest of New France, and the Associates were forbidden to trouble or embarrass him in the discharge of his duty. Prince de Condé sold his privilege and title of Viceroy to the Duc de Montmorency, and he reappointed Champlain, who sailed from Honfleur in the spring of 1620. Other ships than those of the Associates were crossing the Atlantic that year, bearing towards Massachusetts Bay the pioneers of a colony which was to light the torch of liberty in the New World, and, before Canada

had emerged from infancy, to become a self-supporting and prosperous Commonwealth.

Near Tadoussac, Madame Champlain was welcomed by her brother, Etienne Boullé, who said that independent Rochellois had carried off great quantities of skins and had distributed firearms and ammunition among the natives. Champlain went on to Quebec, and found the habitation all but in ruins. The Recollets were constructing a new convent and chapel beside Cartier's river, Ste. Croix, which in honour of the founder of the Mission was henceforth called St. Charles. The day after his arrival Champlain's commission was publicly read, and there followed the firing of cannon, beating of drums, and shouts of *Vive le roi*. The summer and fall were passed in repairing the habitation, and in beginning a fort on Cape Diamond. When winter settled down there were sixty people in Quebec, men, women and children.

Early in May, a letter was received from the Due de Montmorency, informing Champlain that a new company had been formed which excluded the old Associates of St. Malo and Rouen, and was to be controlled by the de Caens, uncle and nephew, the one an honourable merchant and the other an experienced sea-captain. Unfortunately the old company's vessels appeared first in the St. Lawrence; Pontgravé as its representative fought for its rights, and, during the whole summer, Quebec was torn with the dissensions of the rivals. Between the two, the Colony of course fared badly, for neither one would supply more than the most meagre provision for the winter. In August, the people of Quebec assembled, and prepared a petition to the King, begging him to terminate these fatal quarrels and to exclude Huguenots from the



FROM DRAWING BY CHAMPLAIN.

Company. Father Le Baillif carried the petition to France. The next year the companies were consolidated, but the Huguenot, de Caens, remained at the head. Champlain meanwhile pushed forward the fort and published some ordinances—the first laws enacted in Canada. The Recollets opened a civil registry, and continued their efforts to domesticate the Indians. The presence of his wife may have had something to do with Champlain's relinquishment of expeditions for discovery or war. Certainly he was occupied for four years chiefly as peacemaker. He was constantly called on to adjust difficulties between Catholics and Huguenots, who quarrelled violently on trivial pretexts. Such a question as whether the Huguenots might sing their psalms on the River St. Lawrence, or should be restricted for vocal exercise to the high seas, kept the Colony in perpetual ferment. In 1622, a kind of peace was patched up between the Iroquois and Algonquin nations. This peace was partially respected for five years, but since the natives, individually, had no conception of obligation, it was violated on both sides whenever impetuous braves believed that they had a good fighting chance. In those years, too, the Dutch were advancing along the Hudson River, upward from Manhattan Island, were supplying arms to the Iroquois, and secretly encouraging their deep-rooted hatred of the French.

In the summer of 1624, Champlain resolved to take his wife back to France. He had become hopeless of progress in Quebec so long as it depended on the Company for support. The younger de Caen, called Emeric, was left as chief clerk and governor, with authority over fifty people. From Dieppe, Champlain

hastened to Paris, and laid his report before the King and Viceroy. The old and new companies were engaged in law suits, and the Duc de Montmorency had become so weary of the business that he presently sold his title and privileges to Henry de Levis, Duc de Ventadour, to whom, as usual, the King issued letters-patent. De Ventadour was a devout Catholic and had even taken orders. He reappointed Champlain as his Lieutenant in Canada, but he had at heart only the propagation of the Catholic Faith, and that through priests of the Jesuit Order. Accordingly, at his own expense, he sent out with de Caen, the next year, five Jesuits, the Fathers Lalemant, Brebeuf, Massé, François and Gilbert. This was the entering wedge. It meant that the Huguenots had had their day; that Champlain's dream of a strong and independent civil government, supported by a military force, was further than ever from realization; that the ~~fr.~~ and even the honours of the humble Recollets' long labours, were to be reaped by others, and that they were to be ousted from the field. De Caen, in obedience to orders, carried the Jesuits across the ocean, and treated them well during the journey. There his complaisance ended, for he detested the Order, and all his future relations with it were marked by an ingenious and persistent hostility. The news of the priests approach had preceded them, and the people of Quebec, among whom an unfriendly pamphlet, entitled *Anti-Coton*, had been circulated, were figuratively in arms against them. The young de Caen refused to let them land, and his uncle could see nothing for the Jesuits but to return to France. The Recollets, however, held out a helping hand, invited the unwelcome

strangers to their Mission-house, by the St. Charles, and extended long and generous hospitality. By their subsequent services as explorers and missionaries many of the Sons of Loyola won renown in history and a glorious immortality as martyrs for the Faith.

When de Caen went home, he became involved in litigation with the old Associates, and incurred de Ventadour's displeasure for having held Protestant services publicly on the St. Lawrence. He got the better of the Associates, and was even retained as head of the Company by de Ventadour, on condition that he should not go to Canada, and should select a Catholic commander of his vessels. He chose Admiral Raymond de la Ralde. In May, 1626, three Jesuits were on hand at Dieppe, with twenty artisans, waiting the sailing of the ships. De Caen sent them off in a little barque of eighty tons, for which he charged them a good price. Champlain went in the admiral's ship, and with him too the dauntless Recollet, Joseph le Caron, a man of courage and perseverance not inferior to his own.

Little had been done towards the improvement of Quebec. The quarried stone and cut timbers prepared for the new fort two years before lay in heaps about the cliffs. The excuse offered for idleness and shiftlessness was that the men were obliged to spend most of the summer making hay twenty miles below at Cape Tourmente, and transporting it to Quebec. To obviate such waste of time in future, Champlain had large stables and cottages erected on the level top of the Petit Cap, at the base of Cape Tourmente, and thither the cattle were transported with men to care for them. He then set about the construction of a larger fort, making the most of natural advantages of

position. The ruins of the little fort served in part for the foundation of the new, and within two years the cliffs were crowned with bastions and parapets, which were to fall and fall, and rise again, never entirely to disappear. Thus Fort St. Louis was born to its long life of untarnished fame.

The next year's aid to the colony was of the slightest description. De Caen obstructed Champlain in every conceivable way, and even prohibited the people of the Company from working at the fort. By the spring of 1628, every resource for food was exhausted. Daily and hourly the hungry people watched for a sail, but the river's solitude remained unbroken, except by an occasional canoe darting across the surface. Champlain's heart quailed, and hope deserted him. All his toil and sacrifice seemed to have been vain, and he was forced to the decision that Quebec must be abandoned.

CHAPTER V.

The men began with a will to build boats for transport to Tadoussac. They had neither sails nor cordage, but the great trees were hollowed with fire and chisel, and the birch bark bent and moulded in the savage's own fashion. Just when everything was ready for departure, two messengers came to the fort, bringing word that a fleet of six ships had appeared at Tadoussac. A few hours later, an Indian arrived, and confirmed the news. His description of the fleet roused Champlain's suspicions; he felt instinctively that a new danger menaced Quebec, and that an enemy more redoubtable than the Iroquois, or even famine, stood at his door. A young Greek, disguised as an Indian, was sent down the river in a canoe to reconnoitre. In an hour the Greek came back, and with him, in another canoe, was a man from the station at Petit Cap. He had to tell that the ships were English, and that Englishmen had landed at Tourmente, had pillaged the cottages, killed and burned the cattle in the stables, seized three men, a woman, and little girl, and carried them to their ships. He alone had escaped, and the enemy was following fast behind. Then Champlain countermanded orders for abandonment of the post, and declared that from Fort St. Louis the lilies of France should flaunt defiance to the advancing lion of England as proudly as if guarded by a formidable army.

Hastily, entrenchments were thrown up round the habitation and barricades above the unfinished ramparts of the fort. Habitants were called from the fields, priests from the convents; the little garri-

son was disposed to the best advantage, and, through the summer night, all watched and prayed.

But it was not till the afternoon of the next day, that a boat, flying a flag of truce, approached. As it neared the shore, the people taken at Tournemente were recognized, and the man who stepped ashore proved to be a Basque bearing a letter from the English commander. This letter summoned Champlain to deliver up to the representative of the King of Great Britain the Habitation of Quebec, "which, God aiding, soon or late, I must have." It was signed David Kirke. The missive was duly considered by Champlain, Pontgravé, and some others, and their answer was to the effect that if Kirke desired to possess himself of Quebec, he must come a little nearer, and support his demand with his cannon. The messengers floated downward with the stream, and the French again watched and waited. Champlain's courage had saved Quebec, for Kirke, on receiving his answer, turned towards the Gulf. He had not exactly been frightened away from Quebec, but he was in haste to execute a design which, if successful, could not fail, the ensuing season, to humble her haughty commander, and to transfer Canada to the Crown of England.

The responsibility for all this alarm in the little trading post by the St. Lawrence rested on the shoulders of a very brilliant personage, one of the most iniquitously famous men in English history, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. It was the wounded vanity of this favourite of two English kings, this "inflated image of arrogant profligacy and rapacious ambition," that compelled his vacillating master, Charles I, to declare war against

Louis XIII, and to send tardy and ineffective succour to the beleaguered Huguenots of Rochelle. The opportunity thus afforded to a company of merchant-adventurers in London to get royal authority for piracy led up to David Kirke's exploits in Canada.

In France, too, at this time, the real king was not he who claimed divine right. Louis XIII was a tool in the hands of a man born to rule, one endowed by nature with a rare force of character which pushes ruthlessly forward, trampling upon tradition, convention and precedent. By 1627 Armand du Plessis, Cardinal and Duc de Richelieu, had become practically dictator, and controlled the destinies of France. One of the most important features of his great national policy was the annihilation of the quasi-political independence of the Huguenot towns. He struck swift and straight at the heart of political and religious heresy, and while his armies were besieging the obstinate town of Rochelle, he perfected a scheme conceived two years before, of barring out contumacious heretics from New France, whither, to escape persecution at home, they would naturally retreat. He had heard Champlain's complaints against the Associates, and he was keenly alive to the commercial importance of a peltry trade amounting annually to twenty thousand skins, and making a profit for the traders of forty per cent. He perceived that for years, by the easy tolerance of Henry IV and his son, Huguenot traders had been enriched, and moreover, that, through the blind negligence of both, the country which should now have been adding to the strength and prestige of France was still but a wilderness, dotted at intervals

with inconsiderable trading posts. This state of affairs once realized, was not to be tolerated. He bought out the Due de Ventadour, and himself assuming the viceroyalty, formed the Company of New France, to be known as the Company of One Hundred Associates. The Company received fishing rights for fifteen years, and trading privileges in perpetuity. Its capital was three hundred thousand livres; its powers were all but royal. It was bound to send out three hundred artisans in 1628 and four thousand colonists within fifteen years. For three years these colonists were to be supported by the Company, and then were to receive sufficient land for self-support. As an extraordinary encouragement to industry, all articles manufactured in New France were permitted to enter Old France free of duty. The Commission granting these privileges was signed by Louis XIII in his camp before Rochelle, and an edict suppressing the old company was issued. The King conferred nobility on twelve of the Associates, and Champlain, far away, hopeless, in sorest strait, all ignorant of this splendid dawn of prosperity, was appointed Richelieu's Lieutenant.

The new Company, eager to enter into its own, soon had in readiness eighteen transports well armed, laden with quantities of stores, ammunition, and one hundred and thirty-five cannon. The requisite number of emigrants had been gathered together, all staunch Catholics. It had been specially stipulated that henceforth and for ever no heretic foot should press Canadian soil. In this exclusive policy Richelieu may have made a mistake, but it cannot be attributed wholly to fanaticism. Looking far into the future, he did not see a

Huguenot Colony remaining always faithful to the Catholic Kingdom of France, an honour in time of peace, a rock of strength in time of war; he saw a rigid and bigoted Protestant community naturally assimilating with the Puritan English of Massachusetts, the Protestant Dutch of New York, and, to secure to their posterity the religious faith, abhorred by him, seeking opportunity to deliver Canada to the rule of a Protestant King.

Immediately then the Company's fleet sailed westward, escorted by four men-of-war and commanded by Admiral de Roquemont. Whatever dangers may have been feared, no one dreamed of that disaster which actually lay in wait, by which the Associates' pride was to be humbled, and the great Richelieu's carefully laid scheme for the moment brought to naught. The disgraceful issue of the splendid Buckingham's descent on the Isle of Rhé had made England an object of derision. France and Spain were laughing at English soldiers and sailors. Therefore, it was that even if Roquemont had known all about the three ships commanded by three brothers cruising with harmless aspect about the coast of Newfoundland, he would not have been deeply concerned. He had not counted on the possible presence of successors of

“The men that talked with a Devon twang
As they hoisted the sails of the Draks,
Fierce to seize and to sunder
The golden argosies' plunder—
The New World's dread and the Old
World's wonder, splendid for England's sake.”

The merchants of England have ever been alive to personal advantage derivable from war, and no sooner had Charles openly challenged his royal cousin

of France, than he was petitioned to grant letters of marque to merchant-adventurers, authorizing them to seize French and Spanish vessels and goods, and to found plantations in Canada and Acadia, with a monopoly of the fur trade. At the head of one company was Sir William Alexander, a Scotchman, on whom King James had lavishly bestowed a territory which was his only in imagination, and which comprised the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Sir William had already made enthusiastic efforts to settle his oddly acquired kingdom, but his people had been frightened away by the *coureurs-de-bois*, who since de Poutrincourt's disaster had shared Acadia with the *Souriquois*. For this new venture, he allied with Gervase Kirke, a gentleman of old family from Derbyshire, and a rich and enterprising merchant. Kirke had married Elizabeth Coudon, a Dieppoise, and their three sons, David, Thomas, and Louis, had doubtless that staunch Huguenot hatred of Catholics which, added to pure English aggressiveness, made them the fittest leaders of an expedition intended to strike at political and religious foes.

The fleet, which may be called a Kirke family affair, preceded de Roquemont's over the Atlantic. All the ships were light, well manned, and equipped for a fight. While they waited near Newfoundland for de Roquemont, of whose movements they were thoroughly informed, David Kirke made a tentative trip up the St. Lawrence, with the results already narrated. Probably his hasty retreat from Quebec was due to the news received that de Roquemont was in the river, and that the hour to head him off had come. David, Louis and Thomas, joining

forces, did head him off most successfully in Gaspé Bay, where the whole French squadron had taken refuge from a storm. David selected for his own the Admiral's ship, poured an unexpected broadside into her, then grappled her quickly, and in a few minutes the French decks swarmed with English sailors, and the French flag dipped in the sea. Louis and Thomas each secured a prize with equal despatch, and then the whole French squadron struck its colours and surrendered. The Kirkes unloaded and burned several of the captured ships, and sent the rest, with their burden of stores and frustrated emigrants, to Newfoundland. David descended on Acadia, carrying de Roquemont along. He planted the arms of England on the ruins of de Poutrincourt's fort at Port Royal, captured several forest-barons, and sailed home to London to enjoy his honours and spoils, and to prepare for a second attempt on that fort at Quebec, which he had declared should sooner or later be his.

Every moment during the winter of 1628-9 Champlain looked death in the face. Most of the colonists cast in their lot with wandering Indians, and those who stayed in the fort starved from day to day. Spring brought little comfort, for Champlain had a premonition that the first ship to round Cape Tourmente would not fly the Bourbon lilies. It was mid-summer before any sail broke on the horizon. Then at ten o'clock of the morning of the nineteenth of July, when Champlain was alone in the fort, a cry went up from the watchers on the cliffs, that the English were in the southern channel. Champlain knew that the Kirkes had come to keep their threat made a year and a day ago. He called a hurried

council, at which the Recollets and Jesuits assisted. There was no word for famished men to say but the hateful word, surrender. The English ships came on with wind and tide round Point Levis and anchored in the stream. A boat with a white flag put off, and Champlain responding with the emblem of truce, an English officer landed, and courteously presented a letter from Louis and Thomas Kirke, representing the Admiral, David, who had stayed at Tadoussac. The letter was a civil demand for the Fort and Habitation of Quebec, with assurance that, on compliance, the French should receive all respect, and that every reasonable condition of capitulation would be agreed to. Champlain replied that he was destitute, and that he would prepare articles of surrender. In the evening the Kirkes sent for the articles, which, with slight modifications, were accepted. Champlain and the people of Quebec were permitted to leave the fort with their arms, personal effects and furs; each soldier might take his clothes and one beaver coat, but as for Messieurs, the priests, they must content themselves with their gowns and books. All were granted a passage to England, and thence to France. Louis Kirke landed with one hundred and fifty men. He received the keys of the fort, and raised the English standard. Thus swiftly and peaceably was effected the first English conquest of Quebec. Champlain was treated with the highest consideration, but his heart was very sore, and he was anxious to leave Canada. The bitterness of the moment was intensified by the mistaken suspicion that the Kirkes had been piloted by the Huguenots, that his ruin had been accomplished by traitors of his own household. He went down the river with Thomas Kirke, who on

the way fought and captured a French ship commanded by Emeric de Caen. De Caen knew that the Kirkes were in the river, but had hoped to slip along ahead of them, and perhaps save Quebec. By the terms of capitulation, all the French who might choose to remain in Quebec were given equal rights with the English. Five families, whose labour had assured them a living in the New World, resolved to endure foreign rule rather than give up their homes. Louis Kirke became commander of the fort.

In August the Kirke fleet, with a fine booty in furs, sailed from Tadoussac, and in October the French were landed at Plymouth. Most of them were sent at once across the Channel, but Champlain, having heard of the peace of Suza, signed about three months before the surrender of Quebec, went to London to consult the French Ambassador. The rendition by the English of all French forts taken after the twenty-fourth of April, 1629, had been promised, and Champlain assumed that the promise would be fulfilled immediately. But diplomacy does not recognize haste, and after six unsatisfactory weeks in London, Champlain crossed to France. For three years negotiations dragged on. A large party in France was indifferent to the restoration of Canada, and pressed on England in preference other claims seeming vastly more important. Richelieu, however, felt not only that a continent had been unlawfully wrested from the crown, but that he, as the head of the Company of One Hundred, had been personally insulted, so he insisted on the restitution of Canada and Acadia, and, moreover, on that of the thousands of skins carried off by the Kirkes from

Quebec and stored in London. He was stronger than any party. In England many believed in holding Canada now that they had got it. David Kirke, indeed, was not to be shaken in this belief, and he petitioned King Charles to let him hold Quebec, which he said he could defend against ten thousand men. The King was playing his own selfish game, regardless of national interests. He was, as usual, in desperate straits for money, and determined that Canada and Acadia should be made an offset for his French Queen's dowry, half of which was still unpaid. In 1631 the debt still stood, yet the French clamoured for Canada. In June of that year, His Majesty wrote a letter to Sir Isaac Wake, his ambassador at Paris. It was a screed on the subject of "porçon money." "What we chiefly understand," he says, "to be put in balance if not in contract against porçon money is the rendition of Quebec in Canada. . . . and the retiring from Port Royal, etc." The King finally received his "porçon money," and by the treaty of St. Germaine-en-laye, signed in March. 1632, yielded everything less immediately and practically available. Even David Kirke was compelled to give up his peltries, including those procured by legitimate trade with the Indians.

The loss of their fleet in 1629 had chilled the colonizing zeal of the Richelieu Company. The Cardinal was busy about many things and could not give particular attention to affairs beyond the sea. He granted Emeric de Caen one year's trading privilege, to whom in June, Louis Kirke, by order of King Charles, delivered the keys of Fort St. Louis. The Jesuit Fathers le Jeune and la Noue looked sadly from de Caen's decks on the ruin of the Habitation

of Quebec. They were among the first ashore, and quickly made their way to their convent by the St. Charles. Kirke resigned the fort reluctantly, but his men gladly hastened to the ships. They said that, but for the Indians, half of them would have starved long ago. The condition of the natives lounging about Quebec filled Father le Jeune with horror. They were perpetually drunk. Day and night the priest's senses were shocked by sights and sounds of beastly debauchery. He determined that, if possible, strong drink should be withheld from the savages, and from this determination arose the "brandy traffic" difficulty, a future cause of hot controversy in the colony. Emeric de Caen kept the fort for a year, and Champlain, in France, applied undiminished energy to preparation for his last voyage to Canada. The Company was far from lavish, but by spring three ships were ready. They sailed early with two hundred people, comprising crew and colonists, and Champlain carried his commission as Governor.

Father le Jeune was taking his breakfast one summer morning, when la Nasse, a rarely worthy savage, announced that he had heard that the ships had passed Tadoussac, and that Fathers Brebeuf and Massé were on board. Much rejoiced, the good father was wondering when they could reach Quebec, when a shadow fell across the room, and there in the doorway stood the imposing and soldierly Brebeuf. The two fathers fell on each other's neck with tears and pious ejaculations, and then le Jeune, gathering up his gown, ran away over the hills to greet Champlain. Arriving at the fort, he beheld a line of French soldiers marching up to the beating of

drums, followed and surrounded by a motley mob of half naked savages, *coureurs-de-bois*, and a train of newcomers. De Caen delivered the fort to the Governor, and with his peltries, his properties, and his employees, took a last farewell. Now peace and harmony reigned in Quebec. No more profanation of the ancient faith. No more whining, impromptu prayers. No more defilement of the New World's pure ether with the sacrilegious hymns of Marot. Quebec became a shrine. The authority of the Church was established on her hills, and there still sits enthroned, proudly superior to political vicissitude and the varying fortune of nations.

For two years Champlain, though old and weary, discharged faithfully the duties of his office. Details of these two years are few, for his record ends in 1632. From Lake Huron to the Kenebec, news of his return spread quickly, and fleet after fleet of canoes, came hastening to Quebec. While the English were in power, the natives had not been backward in worshipping them, but at heart they disliked and feared that arrogant and tactless race. Champlain speedily bound them anew to the French. His personal charm was irresistible to them, and became a tradition in their wigwams, where twenty years afterwards a Jesuit listened to Huron eulogy of the virtue of the great white war-chief.

The new colonists had come to till the land and to found families. Champlain saw the forests disappearing, smoke curling upwards from substantial chimneys, and the level lands bordering the St. Charles yellow in autumn with waving grain. As a thank-offering for the restitution he built a new chapel, *Notre Dame de Recouvrance*. The

Iroquois were still a menace, and they and the Algonquins still indulged in the summer pastime of scalping and torture. Champlain's last official letter to Richelieu recommends that a detachment of regulars be sent out to free Canada from this ever imminent danger. His advice was unheeded, and for many years every settlement on the St. Lawrence existed in terror of the Iroquois hatchet. In the autumn of 1635, the Governor was stricken with paralysis. Forty years of innumerable privations by land and sea, constant and extraordinary care and anxiety, had exhausted his force, and the end drew near. The Jesuits were most assiduous and devoted, and Father Lallemant received the dying man's confession, which was made with "profound contrition." He died on Christmas Day.

The later days of Canadian history are brilliant with gallant, even heroic figures, but Champlain alone is great. Disaster never seemed to him irretrievable; he could always knot broken threads, and go on cheerfully till they snapped again. He fought almost single-handed for an Empire, against indifference, rapacious selfishness, envy, in fact most of the major and minor evil dispositions of men. Over and over he was baffled but never beaten; often his heart was torn but never broken. The vision that he saw clearly, and followed faithfully, has been realized, perhaps in a grimly ironical fashion. He dreamed of the establishment of France in America; what he did was to establish a French people on the banks of the St. Lawrence. These French Canadians were neglected by their home government and exploited by corrupt officials, then, after a century and a half of noble struggle

for existence, lost to France by the fortune of war. It is as British subjects that they have been able to enjoy the land bequeathed to them by Champlain, to increase wonderfully and prosper. Every generation of French Canadians receives from its fathers a loving tradition of Champlain, and thus in three centuries the fame of his character and achievements has passed far beyond the limits of the "Ancient Province of Canada" to a Canada made up of many peoples who today rejoice to do him honour.



